

## MOVIE

I want to go out to a movie tonight  
made by intelligent people who are not afraid.

A walk-in where I can see couples on dates  
dressed in exquisite taste.

The actors will all be exceedingly witty,  
with charming smiles and great lines, while  
the actresses will have lovely breasts that they  
obviously enjoy displaying.

I want to emerge fulfilled at 10:00, my  
hot breath fogging the star-studded night.

## DAD'S BUGATTI

So clean. So right. Bright blue with matching trailer.  
Acquired in easy times. Crowds are dazzled. See it  
lunge and snarl, leap through the air and bite the asphalt.  
A pity, he sells it for some small imperfection.

## THE BUREAUCRAT AND THE FLAMENCOS

I try to work. I am unable to concentrate. I read  
the same line over again for half an hour. The report  
goes fuzzy before my eyes.

Suddenly they are there, on top of my desk, the  
flamenco troupe, clapping, strumming the guitars and  
yelping, and stamping their heels to beat all hell.

## I FELL IN LOVE WITH THE D.A.'S WIFE

I fell in love with the D.A.'s wife  
sure I did  
me and a thousand other guys in the naked city.

Not that it did me any good  
what could she care for me  
a drunk and a fool.  
Besides she was crazy herself  
like all good girls  
and maybe even in love with her husband.

So I loved her from afar  
and then from anear. When I got too close  
she withdrew  
into the smooth security of her wedded bliss  
without a thought for me.

I found this hard to understand  
all I wanted was her lips,  
her tiny breasts,  
that firm ass in a tight skirt  
the million joys of sin  
the bright vision of her ideal love  
what the hell?

How perfect she was!  
how immaculate  
and unapproachable  
the very image of class privilege  
I watched her through glass  
sadly bareback on mute wind  
she was an accomplished rider  
a heartbreak, a vixen.

I began by smashing things in her room  
and worked my way through the rest of the house.  
Time stood still while  
in hot blood I created monuments to vandalism  
it seemed like a good idea at the time  
expressing my desires in flaming drapes,  
my passion in shattered glass.

Arraigned and indicted  
it was a bum rap  
she was the stool pigeon  
and I, her fall guy.

#### THE MAN WITH XRAY EYES

The man with xray eyes  
can see through skirts and blouses;  
he can judge a book by its cover.

If I had his kind of foresight  
I could keep abreast of new developments.

He's a valuable guy to have on board,  
a man of vision who can  
peer into the heart of every matter.

The man with xray eyes  
knows my heart and soul  
reads my motivations like a newspaper;  
I have no secrets under his stare.